
SONGS *of a*
BLUENOSE

by H. A. CODY . . .

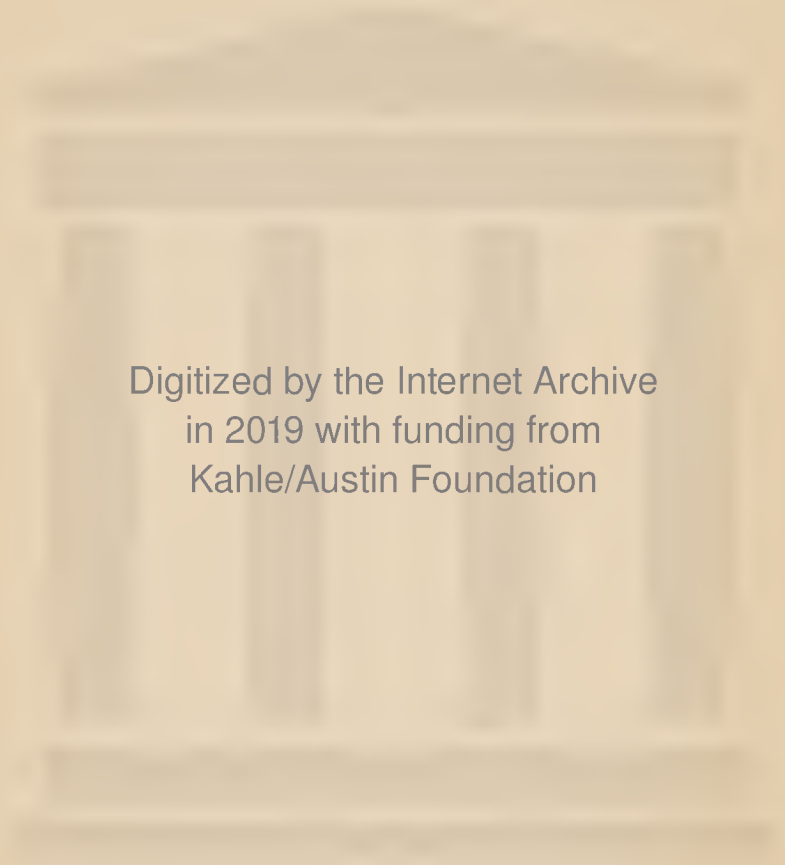
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SONGS OF A
BLUENOSE

SONGS OF A BLUENOSE

by H. A. CODY

Author of

"The Frontiersman," "The Trail of the Golden Horn,"
"The Long Patrol," "The Master Revenge," etc.



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TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER,
FRANCES MARGARET LILIAN,
THIS BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

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THE REASON WHY

FOREST, vale, and shimmering mountain,
God's great world agleam,
Rich the moments when I view them
By life's flooded stream.

Drifting through the dusk at even,
Sylph-like forms and fair,
Bind me in their filmy tresses,
Lap my soul from care.

Pulsing softly through the silence,
Like the breath of prayer,
Ceaseless throbbing, ceaseless action—
Wonder everywhere.

Slowly swells the yearning impulse,
Gathers full and strong,
Till from out the silent chamber
Bursts the voice of song.

BLUENOSE BLOOD

✓
E NGLISH blood and Irish blood,
And other bloods that be,
Are mingled in the Bluenose blood
That surges red and free.

And Bluenose blood is roving blood,
And all the great seas knew
The roaring Bluenose clipper ships,
And every Bluenose crew.

And Bluenose blood is loyal blood,
And when the bugles ring,
The Bluenose men are fighting men
For Country and for King.

And Bluenose blood is builder's blood,
And forest, hill and glen
Resound with hammer, axe and scythe
Of toiling Bluenose men.

And Bluenose blood is mother blood,
For back of brain and brawn
The greatest strength of Bluenose men
Is from their mothers drawn.

English blood and Irish blood,
And all the bloods that be,
Are mingled in the Bluenose blood
That surges red and free.

THE KING'S AND MINE

✓
MY Land is the King's Land—
His Land and mine,
Mountain range and forest belt,
Maple, spruce and pine;
Meadow sward, and prairie girth,
Garden, stream and vine,
His Land is my Land—
The King's Land and mine.

My heart is the King's heart—
My heart to feel
All the fervor of his heart
For the Nation's weal.
His heart of courage high,
Mine both strong and leal,
His heart is my heart—
The King's heart of steel.

My hand is the King's hand—
Mine for the blow
When the ringing bugles call
Where his legions go.
His hand of iron might,
Hurling back the foe,
My hand's the King's hand—
And mine for the blow.

My life is the King's life—
His and my own,
Mighty when the two are one,
Feeble when alone.
My all I freely give,
Lay it at his Throne,
My life is his life—
The King's and my own.

SURE!

“‘Sure!’ Canadians all say that. . . . You reflect on it as a small verbal witness to the good hope, the confidence, the courage which dwell in the Canadian people. They have problems, but they set a cheerful face to them, and go full steam ahead. In Old Spain it is ‘manana’—‘to-morrow;’ in new Canada it is ‘to-day,’ and the day is not long enough for work.”—*London Chronicle*.

THERE’S truth in the saying, we reckon,
Though seldom we trump it aloud,
But since we are dubbed with the title,
We acknowledge the name—and feel proud.
Our land is a giant of giants,
Steel-belted for three thousand miles,
North, rammed by fierce gnawing ice-bergs,
South, flushed by sweet summer smiles.

Sure! ’Tis the law of our being,
The iron that flows in the blood,
The power that forges a Nation,
The spirit of mountain and flood.
It’s “sure” that has tunnelled our mountains,
That has conquered our prairies and plains;
It’s “sure” that has mastered our forests,
And curbed our streams with its reins.

Sure! What reason for doubting
While the triple-cross flag splits the breeze,
While the tread of the Nation is world wide,
And her steel-pointed hulks prowl the seas?

To these add the twin sons of heaven,
The union that knows no release,
The Sinai thunder of Warning,
And the Olivet Gospel of Peace.

THE LILT OF THE NORTHLAND

"The magnitude of Canada's possibilities is but faintly comprehended."—*Newspaper*.

THIS is the lilt of the Northland,
The song with its far-pulsing thrill,
The strong glad call of the freeland,
Of forest, of mountain, and rill.

Wrapped in a mystic enchantment, silent for ages I've
lain,

Nursing my manifold offsprings, treasures of moun-
tain and plain.

Now I have roused from my slumber, now I have
sprung from my lair,

Sinewy, lithesome, and fearless, eager to do and to
dare;

Fresh as the bloom of the morning, glad as the heart
of a child,

Strong as the great surging ocean, strange as the
moods of the wild.

Bear, winds of heaven, a message, hearken, ye Nations
outworn,

Far to the great sweeping Northland stands an Empire
greeting the morn.

Strong are my towering mountains, rock-ribbed from
summit to base,

Scarred by the play of the ages with eternity stamped
in their face;

Lashed by the tempests of heaven, crested by legions
of snow,

Cradles of wild-rushing rivers, founts for the valleys
below.

They who would conquer my mountains, they who
would climb my rough stairs,

Come from the lowlands of labor, valleys of patience
and prayers.

Nealed in the furnace of trial, stung by a larger hope,
These are the men I am calling, calling my mountains
to cope.

Grand are my clear flowing rivers, flung through a
great land and free,

Veins of a vast throbbing Purpose, chains in an age-
less decree;

Creeping through wild rolling low-lands, pulsing
through stark solitudes,

Clanging through grim flinty canyons, snarling in
rapids' wild moods.

These are my untamed rivers, these for the untamed
men,

Anaks who know not the kennel, who know not the
brothel or "Pen;"

Suckled by Spartan-like mothers, reared to the strains
of great themes,

These are the men I am calling, calling to harness my
streams.

Come! it's a giant that's calling, flung are the gates
ajar;
Come! it's a Great Heart pleading, pleading to near
and to far.
Treasures are here for the asking, manifold, priceless,
untold,
Waiting the keys of the vanguard, Tarshish-like spirits
and bold:
Land for your cities and gardens, gold for your coffers
rare,
Steel for the thews of the strippling, wine for the
cheeks of the fair.
Come! I am calling and waiting, flung are my gates
ajar;
Come! for the long trail is ready; track up by the great
compass star.

This is the lilt of the Northland,
The song with its far-pulsing thrill,
The strong glad call of the freeland,
Of forest, and mountain, and rill.

DOWN TO THE SEA ON RAFTS

THE rafting-days were ended,
The big boom parted wide,
And out into the open
Our raft slipped to the tide.
With cheers and ringing chanteys,
We started on our way,
To steer that mass of timber
Down to Old Fundy's Bay.

With sail and kedge and windlass,
'Neath sun or twinkling star,
We forced the big flat monster
By island, bend, and bar.
The long points reached to stab it,
The lean rocks gored its side,
The waves clawed at its boom-poles,
Hard bucked the flooding tide.

In cove or island shelter
We kedged it close to lee,
Whene'er a fierce Sou'wester
Came booming in from sea.
But when the gale fell silent,
And fair the tide and strong,
We veered out from our moorings
With lusty chantey-song:

“Hi, Nellie! Ho, Nellie!
Down by the greenwood tree.”

The tough old pert wind-jammers
Plowed up on even keel,
Their decks awash with water,
Low down with sodden deal.
We yelled out curse for cursing,
We cheered each creaking boom,
As one by one those hulkers
Payed-off for sailing room.

Down through long sun-kissed reaches
The dragon sprawled its way,
Till up from roaring Fundy
A squall swept o'er Grand Bay.
The big raft surged and wallowed,
It writhed beneath the blow,
Its top logs rolled and pounded,
Its boom-pins snapped like tow.

With Green Head off to starboard,
And Boar's Head close to port,
We cast the big kedge-anchor
To stop the drifting short.
The long warp slipped to windward,
It straightened fiddle-tight,
And snubbing hard the dragon,
The rope smoked at the bight.

“Hi, Nellie! Ho, Nellie!
Down by the greenwood tree.”

With nose thrust out to open,
And tail jammed close to rocks,
The raft beat down the tempest,
And spurned its thunder shocks.
Then moving slowly onward
Through Limestone Narrows' gloom,
The tough, squat, battered river-raft
Found rest within its boom.

Those days are gone forever,
Those great old rafting-days,
With all their thrills and fury,
With all their wild rough ways.
New times are now upon us,
Changed scenes and strange new crafts,
But give to us old rivermen,
Down to the sea on rafts.

“Hi, Nellie! Ho, Nellie!
Down by the greenwood tree.”

BY WHAT RIGHT?

This incident happened many years ago on the upper reaches of the St. John River, called by the Maliseet Indians, "Woolastook,"—(*The Great Highway*).

“**W**HAT is your claim to this golden land,
Where the swift Woolastook flows?
Why do you anger the Great White Chief,
And his royal rights oppose?
We who have conquered by force of arms,
Claim it by virtue of blood.
Rule it we must from sunset to dawn,
Over forest, mountain, and flood.”

Calmly an old grey chieftain arose,
When the white man's words were done,
Straight as a willowy wand he stood,
Facing the westering sun.
Slowly he lifted his long right arm,
Swept it in gesture of pride,
Poised it at length, and pointed far down
To the river's swift-flowing tide.

“There lie our grandfathers' graves,” said he,
“There also our fathers' graves,
There are the graves of our children, too,
Where that great tall maple waves.
Tell me, you paleface captain bold,
Who have the rights to these lands,
Men from the way of the rising sun?
Or the race of the wandering bands?”

Swift with his answer, as swift with sword,
Spake the paleface captain then:
"Well hast thou chosen thy words, O chief,
Well answered the White Chief's men.
This is your land by the sacred dead,
Keep it forever you must;
Swear it I will by river and hill,
And the King will honor your trust."

MASTS FOR THE ROYAL NAVY

As long ago as the days of George I, white pine trees were marked with the "broad arrow" in the "King's Woods in North America" in token that they were reserved for the Royal Navy. Thousands of these trees were cut on the St. John River and its tributaries and floated to the sea.

MASTS for the King's own Navy,
Yards for the royal shrouds,
Tall lithe spars that raked the stars,
And whipped the billowy clouds.

Where the land lies dumb in winter, and the forest
trail is steep,
Where the frost bites like hot iron, and the snow-shoes
gall the feet,
Where the wind rips down the valley with its deadly
hurtling spring,
And the snow drifts like long breakers in its blinding
maddening fling,
Stood up Nashwaak's royal timber for the Navy of
the King.

There the white pines massed their legions, proud and
stately, strong, supreme,
Rank on rank by hill and valley, inland lake and fret-
ting stream.

Grown had they in grace and stature, yearly adding
ring to ring,
Faced had they the rage of tempests, driving rains and
winter's sting,
Tempered hard for crowding canvas in the service of
their King.

Long they stood with ranks unbroken, self-reliant,
glad and free,
Till they heard the Spirit Drummer, drumming up-
ward from the sea.
Swift they answered that old Drummer, calling to them
from afar,
Joined their cohorts with the legions of the lusty
hounds of war,
Bore their reeling royals grandly in the stress of
Trafalgar.

By long reefs and sounding headlands where wild
breakers curl and foam,
Flung they out their clouds of canvas racing scudding
clippers home;
Trailed the red-cross flag of England over lonely seas
and vast,
Ripped it into streaming ribbons 'neath the raging
typhoon's blast,
But the white pines out of Nashwaak stood up raking
to a mast.

Masts for the King's own Navy,
Yards for the royal shrouds,
Tall lithe spars that raked the stars,
And whipped the billowy clouds.

THE CHOKING OFF OF CLEM JONES

CLEM JONES was great on politics,
He talked religion, too,
He'd yang the blessed live-long night,
And wouldn't then be through.
We often wished he'd stop for breath,
To sneeze, to sigh, to cough,
But only once can I recall
When Clem Jones was choked off.

His wife she had a woeful time
With Clem's long clapper tongue,
And often, I am sure, she wished
To have her consort hung.
No matter what she ever said,
He'd prove her wrong by far,
By quoting from the "Chronicle,"
And Bible, too, "By Gar!"

He talked at home, he talked abroad,
At blacksmith-shop and store,
But ever on election day
He always talked the more.
He knew it all from A to Z,
And others' views he'd scoff—
But I am glad there was a time
When Clem Jones was choked off.

The little steamer "Banner Queen"
Was running up from town,
And Clem he talked the whole way up,
And never once ran down.
He entertained a crowd of men
With his "Sez he," "sez I,
I saw it in the 'Chronicle,'
And it, by gar, don't lie."

The steamer drew up at a wharf,
When something went askew,
The boiler burst, and hissing steam,
And wood and metal flew.
A panic reigned on board that boat,
And all rushed to the shore,
Except the killed and injured ones,
Who numbered half a score.

The flour barrel on which Clem sat
Was lifted from the floor,
And Clem's wild yell as he went up
Was heard above the roar.
He scuttled high midst staves and hoops,
And whirling flour white,
He couldn't think, he couldn't speak,
And all was black as night.

And as the flour whirled in air,
The steam struck it a blow,
Which turned the soft and powdery meal
Into a mass of dough.
It flopped at length upon the floor,
With poor Clem Jones inside,
And nothing of him could be seen,
No trace of hair or hide.

We dragged the mass out on the wharf,
We pulled off lumps of dough,
And found at last the helpless man
Embedded down below.
He wasn't hurt, he wasn't bruised,
His mouth was still ajar,
And he began where he'd left off:
"Sez I to him, by gar!"

Clem Jones has long since passed away,
And peace be to his bones,
But still in fancy I can hear
His everlasting tones.
Somewhere, methinks, he's talking yet
Beyond the farthest star,
Expounding to the angel host,
"Sez I to him, by gar!"

“STAND FAST, CRAIGELLACHIE!”

An incident in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

GRIM failure stared them in the face,
Gaunt doubt was in the air,
Most cheerless were the weary men,
And deep their lines of care.
All firm were they and leaders bold,
All builders wise and true,
And well they planned, and well they toiled
To force the Great Road through.

And mile by mile they drove the work,
Through tunnel, bog and hill,
O'er gripping bridge and mountain-pass,
By rock, and dune, and fill.
Great prairies wide and forest dim,
Lone lake and swirling stream,
All felt the ceaseless throbbing urge
Of that Great Master Dream.

But that Great Dream was rent in twain,
Their hopes in ruin lay
When roaring Hydra-headed Fate
Swept down to block the Way.
It drove the builders reeling back,
It forced them to their knees,
When, “Stand Fast, Craigellachie!”
Came winging o'er the seas.

That slogan of the kilted Grants,
Of Scottish hill and glen,
Aroused in weary anxious hearts
The blood of fighting-men.
It hurled them leaping at the foe,
It stung them like a goad,
And, "Stand Fast, Craigellachie!"
Put through the steel-shod road.

THE OLD FIGUREHEAD CARVER

I HAVE done my bit of carving,
Figureheads of quaint design,
For the Olives and the Ruddocks,
And the famous Black Ball Line.
Brigantines and barques and clippers,
Brigs and schooners, lithe and tall,
But the bounding "Marco Polo"
Was the proudest of them all.

I can see that white-winged clipper
Reeling under scudding clouds,
Tramping down a hazy sky-line,
With a Norther in her shrouds.
I can feel her lines of beauty,
See her flecked with spume and brine,
As she drives her scuppers under,
And that figurehead of mine.

'Twas of seasoned pine I made it,
Clear from outer bark to core,
And the finest piece of timber
From the mast-pond on Straight Shore.
Every bite of axe or chisel,
Every ringing mallet welt
Brought from out that block of timber
All the spirit that I felt.

I had read of Marco Polo
Till his daring deeds were mine,
And I saw them all aglowing
In that balsam-scented pine;
Saw his eyes alight with purpose,
Facing every vagrant breeze;
Saw him lilting, free and careless,
Over all the Seven Seas.

That was how I did my carving;
Beat of heart and stroke of hand
Blended into life and action
All the purpose that I planned;
Flowing robes and wind-tossed tresses,
Forms of beauty, strength, design—
Saw them all, and strove to carve them
In those figureheads of mine.

I am old, my hands are feeble,
And my outward eyes are dim,
But I see again those clippers
Lifting o'er the ocean's rim;
Great white fleet of reeling rovers,
Wind above and surf beneath,
And the "Marco Polo" leading
With my carving in her teeth.

SKOODIC MEN

EIGHTY men from out of Skoodic,
Glad and proud to be alive,
Roaring down through street and alley,
Headed for Nick Larkin's Dive;
Eighty husky boot-spiked sackers,
Off of Sanson's big spring drive.

Eighty men from out of Skoodic,
Gambled high with Death for fame,
Met him on the snarling river,
Met and beat him at his game;
Men who feared not man or devil,
Only feared a coward's name.

All the winter's cut was ended,
And the hauling had been done,
All the forest streams were loosened
'Neath the hot and piercing sun,
When the men from out of Skoodic
Broke the brows and forced the run.

Half a million ramping demons,
Rolled and twisted, plunged and jammed,
But the men from out of Skoodic
Kept the wild herd well in hand,
Pricked them on with pole and peevie,
Like the scourgings of the damned.

Drove them roaring over sand-bars,
Rammed them hard upon Split Rock,
Brought them reeling to their haunches
From the gripping key-log lock;
Eighty men from out of Skoodic,
Born and bred of dreadnaught stock.

Wading deep in ice-cold water,
Goading laggards into line,
Sacking off from bar and shallow,
Riding down through spume and brine,
Balanced tense with pole or peeve,
Reeling logs of spruce and pine.

Swirling into Hell Gate Canyon,
Where wild breakers boil and spue,
Roaring, grinding, groaning, booming,
Lost at times from outward view,
Till at last into the open,
Sanson's drive came crashing through.

Eighty men from out of Skoodic,
Glad and proud to be alive,
Roaring down through street and alley,
Headed for Nick Larkin's Dive;
Eighty husky boot-spiked sackers,
Off of Sanson's big spring drive.

TRY ANOTHER VEIN

WHEN the gold has run to gravel
On your placer claim;
When you feel your luck is rotten,
And you'll quit the game;
Hit it for some other diggin's,
Drive your stakes again,
Prove your manhood and your mettle,
Try another vein."

So said wise old miner Samson,
Many years ago,
As we sat alone together
By the fire's glow.
"Keep your courage, lad," he counselled,
"Stand up to the strain,
If the gold has run to gravel,
Try some other vein."

Tall and thick the pines around us,
Dark the night and cold,
As I listened to that miner,
Rugged, true, and bold.
"Lad, there's always gold awaitin',
Thick as yellow grain,
So whene'er your claim is petered,
Try some other vein."

Gone is worthy miner Samson,
Since those days of old,
For he hiked to other diggings,
Where the streets are gold.
But his rugged words of wisdom
Pan out sure and plain,
“If your gold has run to gravel,
Try some other vein.”

ROSES IN DECEMBER

"God gave us memory that we might have roses in December."

R OSES in December when the days are cold!
Roses I remember of a summer old;
Gipsies of the uplands, fragrant, frail and fair,
Roses in the garden—and one rose in your hair.

Roses in December when the days are wild!
Roses I remember when the days were mild;
Sunshine all around us, skies so clear and blue,
Roses fresh I gathered—red roses all for you.

Roses in December when the skies are grey!
Roses I remember of a far-off day;
Air athrill with music, sunshine through the weeks,
Roses all ablooming—and roses in your cheeks.

GUARDS OF HIGH RESOLVE

On December 21, 1910, Inspector Fitzgerald and three constables of the Royal North West Mounted Police, left Fort McPherson to attend the Coronation of King George V. They lost their way and died in the wilderness.

FORTH from a Northern outpost,
Through mountain-pass and glen,
To aid a Nation crown its King,
Fitzgerald led his men.

The storm-god wound his trumpet,
The white snow-breakers curled,
Yet still the Guards pressed forward,
Lost—blotted from the world.

With faces strained and haggard,
With weary feet and sore,
Through blinding storm and piercing cold,
Groped on the dauntless four.

Stern Guards of High Endeavor,
Just Lords of mighty sway,
Great Hearts who never knew retreat,
They faced the Lone White Way.

A King was crowned in triumph,
But far from mortal ken,
Had gone down Death's dark valley
Fitzgerald and his men.

THE VISION ON THE TURF

THERE'S a legend fair which is wafted to us
from the Mother-land over the sea,
Where the rocks stand bluff which the fierce
winds cuff, and the waves roar mad and free,
Where the wild winds clang 'mid the surf and tang of
the throbbing tumultuous sea.

There's a churchyard there on the brave Welsh coast,
in the shade of St. David's old Keep,
Where a vision is seen on the turf soft and green, o'er
the graves where the old heroes sleep;
A vision all rare of the future so fair, o'er the clods
where the long shadows creep.

On the turf of the past we are standing to-day, on the
clods of the graves of the dead,
In a land full-flush with its beauty and blush, where
the valiant old pioneers led;
Where they led and fought, where they toiled and
wrought, till they crimsoned the land with their
red.

There's a trail, and it runs to the end of doom, it is
beckoning on from afar,
It is snowy-white in the sun-kissed light, as it leads
over mountain and bar,
Where the Star of Hope in the outer scope, lures away
from the things as they are.

Far away from the shapes with their baffle and blur,
and away from the shadows which blind;
Far away to the vision in the land of Elysian with its
rest for the body and mind,
To the rest that is sweet to the weary-worn feet, where
the Fates are eternally kind.

So we stand on the turf of our fair young land, o'er
the graves of the stalwart and true,
And we toil and we pray in the light of to-day, with
the hearts' golden future in view—
For the hearts must be strong with high courage and
song that would battle and grasp for the new.

THE FLOOD

They lost their all, the man and his wife, when their mill went out in the great mid-winter flood.

THUNDER of rain by day,
Drumming of rain by night,
Roar and fury of wind,
And legions of demons in fight,
And a face at a streaming pane—
A woman's face—and white.

Trumpeting streams from hills,
Rioting flood below,
Clash and clamor of ice,
And ramping of devils aflow,
And a form on a hillside lone—
A man's form—creeping slow.

Writhing of timbers strong,
Wrenching of beam and sill,
Crash and crumple of walls,
And sluicing of waters' wild will,
And two on the hillside above—
Dry-eyed, dumb-lipped, and still.

THE FRONTIERSMAN'S WIFE

THERE are brave deeds done in the roughlands,
there's a page that has ne'er been unrolled,
Of Great Hearts' advance in the frontlands,
lured on by conquest and gold;
So pause for a moment and hearken, relinquish the
cinch-strap of strife,
And jingle your glasses and quaff them, to a woman,
God bless her!—a wife.

A wife, a woman, a mother, flung out 'neath the great
north star,
Where the red lights dance in the heavens, and wolves
rend the nights ajar;
Where the trails, rough, boggy and cruel, stretch out
in an endless gloom,
A land, sun-blistered in summer, in winter sealed tight
as a tomb.

There's a cabin, the wild things know it, mud-chinked,
moss-chinked and squat,
Carpetless, matless, and barren; bed, tables and chairs
all hand-wrought;
A picture there by the window, a few pots and pans
there on the wall,
A cradle, rough-hewn, by the fire; on the floor two
small shoes and a ball.

There's a yearning, the lips cannot frame it, in the
heart must the secret be sought,
It is watered by tears in the night-time, it is nourished
in day-time by thought;
It grips the soul in its clutches, it fetters the tongue
that would speak,
It silvers the hair that is darkest, it withers the rose
on the cheek.

There's a silence so big you can feel it, it crushes, it
strangles, it leers,
It mocks at your puny endeavors, it laughs at your
hopes and your fears.
But it's not this silence that's numbing, nor the land
stark from lowland to dome,
It's the waiting for six months and over, the waiting
for letters from home.

Yes, the old home, the dear home of childhood, the
house standing there 'midst the trees,
The fragrance of lilies and roses, the languorous mur-
mur of bees;
The forms round the fire at evening, the parties, the
sleigh-rides, and all—
Far away in the wild rough frontier—O God! how
they call and call.

But a truce to these vagrant emotions, the past must
beguile her no more,

The baby awakes from its slumber; a step is heard at
the door.

There's a smile for a man that is weary, there's a
laugh with a child in its glee;

There's a supper steaming and tempting; there's a
prayer with a lad at her knee.

The frontier recedes into distance, mansions stand
where the cabin once stood;

Streets ring with the loud beat of thousands, where
once reigned the dark silent wood.

But memory, truly and fondly, sifting through passion
and strife,

Crowns with a glory immortal the deeds of the
frontiersman's wife.

THE DAUNTLESS RIDERS

THEY came—we saw them coming,
Their fleet steeds spurned the sod;
Our thoughts flashed to our loved ones,
Our prayers went up to God.

They came—those daring riders,
Tall, gaunt and grim as death;
Our hands gripped hard the rifles,
Our boldest held their breath.

They came—those daring rovers,
Their feathers rose and fell;
Our hearts thrilled at their bearing,
Our blood chilled at their yell.

They came—those fearless fighters,
They swept down like the gale;
Our rifles spoke—we mowed them down
Like grain beneath the hail.

They came—for years they fought us
For freedom, life, and home,
But step by step we hurled them back,
As rocks hurl back the foam.

They came—those dauntless heroes,
Their life-blood stained the sod;
We won the land—the golden land—
Their land received from God!

THE PILOT OF SULPHUR

DID I know the Pilot of Sulphur, the man who
crossed the Divide,

Along with sixteen others that night of the
great snow slide?

Did I know him? Well, rather, I reckon, from the
day he first hit the place,

Astride of a raw lanky cayuse, with a beard like a
brush on his face..

We were working down there in the valley, where
those 'tailings' sprawl white in the sun;

We were drifting like moles in the mountain, where
once an old river had run;

We were tillicums, careless and hardened, and each of
us petered his claim,

'Cept the big lazy rascal and bully, the boaster, Mc-
Classan by name.

We were bunched one fine night at the tavern, where
Old Kittison peddled his dope,

When the pilot swung up to the shanty, and hitched his
cayuse to a rope.

Then he sauntered straight into the building, as if he
controlled the shebang,

Planked an elbow down on the counter, and coolly sur-
veyed the whole gang.

Though we'd never before seen the stranger, we
spotted a pilot right off,
So we slyly tipped winks to each other, while the "kid"
gave a low funny cough.
In our hearts we half pitied the stranger, and thought
him a poor Gospel freak,
Who like others to win out up Yonder had ventured
to wild Sulphur Creek,

For to seek and to save us poor devils; yet deep in 'our
hearts we wern't bad,
Though most of them thought that the surface was
the only religion we had.
So they came to us, slick-span and oily, expecting to
save us en bloc,
While we needed a man, not a mummy, a man to get
down to bed-rock.

They stayed for a while round the diggings, each
showing his own special plan
Of the bridge of Salvation for Heaven, the fine piers,
and extra large span.
But they didn't stay long at Old Sulphur, the atmos-
phere there was too strong,
And when we'd almost forgot them, this new one
came hiking along.

Now McClassan, the big blustering bully, was ready
that night for a lark,
He'd no use at all for a parson, any more than a dog
for a shark.
So he hustled right up to the stranger, and in words
that would make your heart shrink,
Asked the pilot to join him at poker, the wager, an all
around drink.

The pilot looked close at the bully, and proudly he
lifted his head,
"I cannot play poker," he answered, "but there's some-
thing I'll give you instead.
I've come to this place with a message—a message
which none can refuse,
So I'll spin it right off on the instant, it'll do you more
good than the booze."

Big McClasson looked round at the others, and cards
were laid down in a trice,
For the bully's tongue was a marvel, and he served up
his words fresh on ice;
Then the filth that he trained on the pilot made really
that old shanty reek,
While to cap it and finish off neatly, struck the stranger
a blow on the cheek.

Though the pilot was calm as an ice-berg, he struck
like a three-year-old steer,
And he handed straight out to McClassan a nice bunch
right behind the left ear.
The big bully went down like a whirlwind, he sprawled
his full length on the floor,
And attempting at last to recover, he was kicked neck
and crop out the door.

Then old Kittison dropped his decanter, and gaped like
a dumb-stricken fool,
While the rest of us blinked in amazement, like a bunch
of licked kiddies at school.
But the pilot half lifted his eye-lids, and calmly re-
ceived each rude stare,
“We’ll begin,” he said slowly and softly, “this service
to-night with a prayer.”

So the pilot that night scooped Old Sulphur, and every
man-jack of us swore
That he’d grub-stake the true plucky fellow, and pro-
vide him a lay on ground-floor.
So he stood by us there for ten summers, a tilicum,
faithful and bold,
And to think, O my God! he lies yonder, our pilot
whose heart was all gold.

He was tender and fond as a mother, and real as the
great Christ of God,
And he knew every little lone shanty, and the trails
where the rough mushers trod.
He never retreated from danger, stern duty was ever
his guide,
So he passed in his checks with the others, that night
of the awful snow slide.

There's a big stone that's stuck over yonder, which
looks like a spike upside down,
It's as smooth as the fur of a martin, and the gift of
the people in town.
There are letters cut deep with a chisel, sprawled thick
on the far-western side,
With the name and the age of the pilot, and why he
crossed the Divide.

Just a little aside stands another, which makes no pre-
tense as to style,
It is naught but a heap of sharp fragments, jostled
there in a rough careless pile.
But around that peculiar old cairn are men who would
muster ten deep,
To guard to the last with their bodies that sacred and
curious heap.

For the stones in that pile over yonder where toted
spots God knows where,
By the miners, big, burly and shaggy, o'er ways where
life hangs by a hair.
They are emblems of life in the roughland, struck off
from the trails that they trod,
They are tokens from great husky fellows, the pilot
had cinched tight for God.

There is silver they ripped from the quarry, and gold
from the womb of the night;
There is quartz from best lodes in the country, tum-
bled there over six feet in height.
But there's one, and the last that was added, it's a
beauty and crowns the whole stack—
It was placed there by big Pete McClassan, who packed
it ten miles on his back.

THE WOMAN ON THE WALLS

“The first and greatest of Acadia’s heroines—a woman whose name is as proudly enshrined in the history of this land as that of any sceptred Queen in European story. As long as the sons and daughters of this new Acadia take an interest in their country’s early history they will read with admiration the story of the constancy and heroism of Lady LaTour.”—*History of Acadia*, by DR. JAS. HANNAY.

RATTLE of musket and sword
Under the pine trees tall;
Clamor of shouting men,
And a clarion bugle-call—
And the sound of a woman’s voice
High up on a bastion wall.

Frigates of war down the Bay,
With death-doom in their stride,
Winging in from the sea,
On the lift of a flooding tide—
And a woman high on a wall,
Looking down with scorn and pride.

Charging of Charnisay’s men,
Clanging of blow on blow;
Roar and booming of guns,
And the grapple of foe with foe—
And a woman’s voice on the wall
Ringing orders down below.

Reeling of desperate men;
Hurling of d'Aunay's might;
Crashing of fortress door,
And the triumph of foe in sight—
When a woman down from the wall
Leads her soldiers in the fight.

Jaquelins, pride of LaTour,
Facing a ruthless horde,
Nerves her men to the charge
With the sweep of her glinting sword,
In her fight for honor and life,
And Cause of her absent lord.

Baffled and crumpled in fight,
Grimly the foe gives way,
Only to leap again
At the break of another day—
While a woman high on the wall,
Looks anxiously down the Bay.

"Will he never come?" breathes she.
"What keeps LaTour so long?
Oh, hard it is to strive
'Gainst Charnisay so strong!
And I hear him charging again,
With his brutal sea-dog throng."

Grimly the garrison stand;
Sternly the dark walls frown,
As d'Aunay wins the day

Through the deed of a traitor clown,
And the Banner of de LaTour
On the Easter morn goes down.

Jaquelins, mother and wife,
Crushed by a cruel fate,
Watches her soldiers die
At the battered fortress gate,
With a dangling noose at her throat,
Strung there by the hand of hate.

Somewhere Jaquelins lies low,
Close by Woolastook's Falls;
But ever more she lives
Where the courage-drummer calls,
And all true hearts respond again
To that voice from LaTour's walls.

FURREN PETE

THE old Dungarvon River
Sweeps onward to the sea,
And once again, as oft before,
A strange scene comes to me.
I hear the great trees murmur,
And meet and sway o'erhead,
I see the waters rave and swirl
Down through their rocky bed.
It's not of these I'm thinking most,
But of that fatal day,
When with the awful crash of doom
The mighty jam gave way.

For days upon that river
We forced the big drive down,
No stripling held a peevie there,
But drivers of renown.
We were the pick of all the land,
In muscle, will and thew,
Great giants of the woodland lore
We formed a hardy crew.
But none could handle axe or log,
Or peevie so complete,
As one, a stranger in the land,
Whom all called "Furren Pete."

So day by day the drive pressed down,
With rocks and rapids passed,
Till, sluicing through the Dead Man's Gulch,
The mighty drive stuck fast.
It was a sight to thrill the heart,
A sight but seldom seen,
To watch those massive walls of rock,
With tossing logs between.
And higher, higher grew the jam,
And whiter threw the foam,
As one by one those sodden logs
Went sweeping, crashing home.

Between those flinty crowding walls,
A boulder barred the way,
O'er which the waters leaped and swirled,
And forced the drive to stay.
And there across that rushing flood,
From boulder to each shore,
The logs were driven like a wedge
Struck by the sledge of Thor.
That heavy, heaving, writhing mass,
It groaned and strained and pressed,
But with a growling bull-dog grip
One key-log held the rest.

"Now, lads, we're in a damn hard fix,
The worst I ever knew,

But by the trust imposed in us
That hell jam must go through."
Thus swore "Long Jake," our driving-boss,
Whose word to us meant law,
So there in awful silence deep
Each driver made his draw—
To know which man must cut that log,
A fearsome, deathlike feat,
And while we waited in suspense,
It fell to Furren Pete.

A strange and silent man was Pete,
At times so rough and wild,
But often we had noticed him
As gentle as a child.
He cast one look on earth and sky,
At river, tree and sun,
Then with a mighty tiger bound
Upon that big jam sprung.
It was a sight to numb the heart
To see that lone man stand
Right in the very jaws of death,
His true axe in his hand.

The keen axe fiercely bit the wood,
The whirling chips did play,
When with the roar of pent-up wrath
The surging jam gave way.
I've seen the war-steeds ringing charge,

I've felt the blizzard's breath,
But never did I see before
So wild a race with death.
With death close pressing at his back,
With death beneath his feet,
Right o'er that tumbling mass of logs
Sped lion-hearted Pete.

Down through the narrow rocky gorge,
Enwrapped with foam and spray,
With not a falter or a reel
That strong man made his way.
He held his own, he baffled death,
And almost reached the shore,
While our outburst of ringing cheers
Commingled with the roar.
But suddenly that swirling mass
Yawned right beneath his feet,
And with a wild despairing cry
Went down courageous Pete.

* * *

Straight to the office each one marched,
The day that drive came down,
Intending with his season's pay
That night to 'do the town.'
With pay in hand we turned to go,
When at the door there stood
A bright-eyed, fair-haired woman,
Who asked for Peter Wood.

To us hard river-drivers
Her words cut like a knife,
As turning to Long Jake she said,
"You know, I am his wife."

She did not swoon, she did not cry,
When Jake the story told,
But, stooping, clasped a little child,
Blue-eyed, and hair of gold.
And on its little upturned face
Her kisses rained like mad,
As sweetly lisped the little one,
"Say, mamma, where is dad?"
That scene, O God! it struck us hard,
And not one driver spoke,
But tears coursed down our rugged cheeks,
And strange thoughts in us woke.

Then we rough river-drivers
Swore by the God o'erhead,
To guard that lonely widow
In memory of the dead.
There was no wild carousing,
No 'doing up the town,'
We took the money that we saved
And paid the widow down.
Though many years have passed since then,
Our vow has been complete,
For not one year have we o'erlooked
The wife of Furren Pete.

THE INDIAN'S GRAVE

THE pines are draped in night and cloud,
Earthward their stately heads are bowed,
Their weird shrieks, their mighty groans,
Sink shuddering to half-smothered moans,
As the sinuous wind goes by,
As the wind goes reeling by.

The pines are decked by morning grey,
Stern sentinels on duty, they
Watch o'er a cold and dusky form,
A victim of the midnight storm,
When the sinuous wind went by.
When the wind went reeling by.

The pines are flushed by noon-day glow,
They tell not of their charge below;
The pure white snow is softly spread,
And shrouds from gaze that tired head,
Where the sinuous wind went by,
Where the wind went reeling by.

THE CALL OF THE FRONTIER PARSON

MEN that reeked in filth and slime,
Men that bartered all for time;
Women, rouged and lost to shame,
Women only but in name,
Cursed and danced throughout the week,
In their den on Dead Man's Creek.

Jim Ladue hung out his sign,
"Anything in any line.
God and parsons go to hell,
We can run this Creek quite well."
So he said, and others, too,
Friends of 'Sourdough' Ladue.

Jim Ladue's fine big saloon
Drew a stranger there one noon;
Sick he was and near to death,
Pestilence was in his breath;
When he died, that very week
Fever-gripped was Dead Man's Creek.

Jim Ladue's fine big saloon
Played a very different tune;
Lined it was with burly chaps,
Sprawled like babies on their backs,
And among that motley crew
Was old 'Sourdough' Ladue.

O'er the trail that very week,
Came a chap to Dead Man's Creek;
"Called" he was, I've heard it said,
"Called to serve the Church's Head,"
But, good Lord! we called him then
To that fever-stricken den.

Day by day the fever spread,
Day by day it claimed its dead;
But among us without pause,
In his great and holy cause,
Stopping scarce for food or nap,
Stood that sturdy parson chap.

How he soothed and how he wrought,
How he wrestled, how he fought;
Of his wondrous magic spell,
Men have never ceased to tell;
Of his work they ever speak,
In that placer mining Creek.

Jim Ladue hung out his sign:
"Anything in any line;
Choicest brands of wine and beer,
God and parsons welcome here.
Reasons for the changes new,
Ask within of Jim Ladue."

THE LOYALISTS' RECEPTION

The welcome of the St. John River to the Loyalists in 1783.

BROAD stream, mighty stream,
Stream of an ageless past,
Slow-gliding down as in a dream,
Bade welcome to these shores at last
With sails all furled and anchors cast,
Those noble hardy pioneers,
The Loyalists of old.

Tall trees, stately trees,
Trees of an ageless wood,
Low-bending in the gentle breeze,
You kissed the stream from where you stood,
And homage paid the true and good,
Those noble hardy pioneers,
The Loyalists of old.

Fair lands, golden lands,
Lands of an ancient race,
With open arms and stretched-out hands,
Received into your warm embrace,
And sheltered with a kindly grace,
Those noble hardy pioneers,
The Loyalists of old.

THE ADVENTURES OF HANS ROQUEED

HANS ROQUEED was a daring young rover,
he had sprung up from sturdy Dutch seed,
Amsterdam was too cramped for his spirits,
the world was too small for his need.
He had traversed the earth for sensations, he had
wandered self only to please,
He had reckoned with God, man and devil, on land
and the high-throbbing seas.
But Roqueed was never contented, he craved for new
wonders to see,
So he found them at last in the Northland, on the
railroad, the famous "P.G."
Yes, he found them, but not to his liking, just south
of the sixty degree.

Now, the noted "P.G." was a strong company, which
poured out their money like rain;
Yet they stinted their men, and demanded from them
hardest work to the very last grain.
And the "P.G." road was a sight to behold, as they
snaked it far up from the sea;
Great tunnels they rammed, and the road-bed they
jammed o'er the mountains that rise sheer and
free.
The soft drifting clouds were like dark mazy shrouds,
and the air careened bitter and cold,

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Yet they hustled each crew, and they pushed the road
through to the land that was reeking with gold.
In a land that was new, where the golden quartz grew,
the great "P.G." tightened their hold.

Now, Roqueed in his search for adventures rare was
anxious the Northland to see,
So he beat his way up the far-western coast till he
struck the new railroad, "P.G."
He had lost his last dollar at poker and dice; he was
down to hard-pan in his luck,
But he kept a brave heart in his big manly breast, and
went on with a Dutchman's real pluck.
Though he didn't quite relish hard labor, his qualms
to the heavens he threw,
And settled himself down to harness by joining a
large "P.G." crew.
Yes, he settled himself the next morning where the
winds o'er the great mountains blew.

They'd been working for weeks in a cutting; they had
blasted out fifty-ton rocks;
They had shivered huge granites to fragments, till the
earth had recoiled at the shocks.
One more, and the blasts would be over—it was fired
five seconds too soon,
So it caught Hans Roqueed in its clutches, exactly ten
minutes to noon.

He went up in a smother of thunder, he scuttled midst
shovels and dirt,
And after ten minutes sky-reeling, came back to the
cutting unhurt;
He came back with a bound to the cutting, minus
jacket and trousers and shirt.

Hans Roqueed had enough of the railroad, so he
straightway demanded his time;
He determined to hike back to southward, and to
seek for some far fairer clime.
The clerking was busy with writing, so he motioned
Roqueed to sit down,
And at length when the writing was ended, he turned
upon Hans with a frown.
“It’s reported,” he drawled, “that while blasting you
were absent ten minutes to-day,
And the Company won’t stand any nonsense, so we’ll
dock just two-bits from your pay.”
So they struck off two-bits from his wages, for the
time that Roqueed was away.

Hans Roqueed staggered out of the office, he shiv-
ered with cold and alarm,
“My head is quite dizzy,” he muttered, “and I’ve got
a bad pain in my arm.
My nerves are a little erratic, and my wardrobe is
painfully thin,

I've been fleeced both in body and spirit, like a rattlesnake minus its skin.

I've found all the wonders I wanted since I ran up against the 'P.G.'

So I'll hit it at once for Old Holland, Amsterdam's the right city for me."

So Roqueed set his face for Old Holland, his Homeland far over the sea.

THE LOYALISTS

At Oak Point, on the St. John River, N.B., are numerous magnificent oak trees. Here many of the U.E. Loyalists landed in 1783. Nearby they built their log church, and under the shade of those trees they and their descendants have ever since been laid to rest.

LAST of an ancient forest,
Mighty in thew and limb,
Hearken we back in memory
To an age now past and dim,
When brave men knelt at our feet,
When brave men knelt in prayer.

Last of an ancient forest,
Knotted, and grim and old,
Watched we in silent compassion,
In the heat, the storm, the cold,
Those brave men laid at our feet,
Those brave men laid with prayer.

Last of an ancient forest,
Kissed by the storm and sun,
Crooning and ever crooning,
At a watch that's never done,
O'er brave men laid at our feet—
Brave men still laid with prayer.

THE PAY-STREAK

OLD "Slim" Davis worked like blazes when he
struck his great pay-streak,
Night and day he dug and shovelled on that
Gold Run placer creek;
Fast the treasure piled around him, daily grew the
gleaming ore,
But Old Slim was not contented, and he hungered still
for more.

People said Old Slim was crazy, that the gold had
turned his head,
For they never saw him eating, never saw him go to
bed.
Often did they talk together, and it was a standing
josh,
That Slim Davis was so busy that he hadn't time to
wash.

Summer passed and autumn flitted, cold winds raked
the stricken land;
Down the mountains swept stern winter, locking all
with icy band.
Old Slim Davis, gaunt and haggard, refuge sought
within his shack,
Gloating o'er the gold around him, filling boots and
gunny sack.

Then he sighed, and groaned, and muttered, cursed
the winter, cursed the cold,
Wished for spring-time, longed for summer, craved
for more soft magic gold.
Drooped his grey head low in anguish, swept the long
beard to his waist;
Then his eyes shone bright with rapture, and his steps
betokened haste.

Old Slim grasped a pair of scissors, and his eyes with
joy did gloat,
As he quickly felt the edges; and his hands moved to
his throat.
Was it true what people whispered, that the gold had
turned his brain?
Would he die a raving madman? Would his work
be all in vain?

Nearer now his hands were moving, firm he stood,
erect and tall,
Then swift clicking movements followed, and his
beard began to fall;
Soon upon the floor 'twas lying, long and matted, thick
and grey,
While Old Slim with glee triumphant, looked down
where the ruins lay.

Old Slim Davis glanced around him, quickly spied a
rough gold-pan,
Filled it to the brim with water from a battered coal-
oil can;
Then he stooped and grasped the grey beard, in the
pan his hands he thrust,
And he washed from out those whiskers twenty
dollars—pure gold dust!

THE PORT OF ST. JOHN

✓
WHERE is the Port of grey St. John?
The sea clans knew it well;
They winged up by my Island light,
They steered by buoy and bell,
And of the welcome that I gave,
They had one tale to tell.

I bred a hardy seaman race upon my rugged steeps,
Who sailed my fastest clipper-hounds and sounded
all the deeps;

My ships were known in every port, manned by my
Bluenose breed,
Stern fearless driving skipper-men, hard both in will
and deed.

The finest wooden sailing-ships were built upon my
shore,

The roaring "Marco Polo" and the bounding "Beeja-
pore;"

The "Flying Cloud," the "Guiding Star," and other
far-famed ships,

Designed and built by St. John men, went smoking
from their slips.

The tide flows out, the tide flows in, it never can be
still,

It follows where the strong sea calls, the sea that
works its will,

And ships come up, and ships go down, their black
smoke trailing far,
Great rovers of the ocean ways where ports of heroes
are.
But sure as homing swallows wing in from the open
main,
The ships from all the Seven Seas come sweeping back
again.
They know my port is open wide, my headlights al-
ways clear,
No ice to stab, no rocks to scar, no tempest blast to
fear.

Where is the Port of grey St. John?
The sea clans know it well,
They point up by my Island light,
They steer by buoy and bell,
And of the welcome that I give,
They have one tale to tell.

THE WOLVES!

“ . . . , Indian woman died. A whiteman's wife. Much neglected.”—Extract from a Northern Mission Register.

BATTERED and old and grizzled, for years I
 guarded the flock,
 Feeding them well in green pastures, leading
 them up to the Rock.

Wild they were when I found them, brutal and base
 and lone,

Straining blind eyes through the darkness, bowing to
 wood and stone.

I tracked them by river and mountain, I scoured forest
 and plain,

They knew the voice of their leader; I knew my sheep
 by name.

And one we were in the service, and one we were in
 the fight,

Living a life that was simple, lived in the Master's
 sight.

But wolves in human likeness, knowing no law or
 creed;

Spawn of the Nations' gutters, fouling by word and
 deed,

Came, so they said, for the treasures, gleaming in
 gravel and rock,

But, God! they found other treasures, the souls of my
 little flock.

Wily as foxes in cunning, serpents with poisonous
breath,

Bold as the fierce jungle tiger, cold as pitiless death.

Satisfied not with their thousands, this debauching
hellish crew,

They spurned the fat of their pastures, and snatched
at my hard-earned few.

And one by one they ensnared them, and one by
one they fell,

Old Whutale, my faithful companion, the man I had
rescued from Hell;

And Wasthal, the brave lusty hunter, and Nita, the
spirit of song,

While Tinneh and fair little Knata passed down the
dark valley of wrong.

But Jennie, the dark-haired and winsome, the child
of my love and pride,

The lamb I had snatched to my bosom that night on
the wild river's side,

Was the last of my flock to leave me, would God had
but taken her then!

And sheltered her safe in His bosom, away from the
sleuth-hound of men.

He came, the charmer of charmers, princely in form
and tone,

And won the heart of my Jennie, and left me so sadly
alone.

I joined them in holy wedlock, my richest blessing I
gave,

But blindly, O God, forgive me! I wedded a tyrant
and slave.

They passed from my ken that summer, and months
sped forward apace,

While ever before me in vision I beheld my Jennie's
sweet face.

I saw her again, and once only, away in the desolate
wild;

Saw her, my poor little maiden, with her arms close-
enfolding her child.

Gone was her spawn of a husband—gone with another
mate,

While Jennie was left to destruction, left to a sad
cruel fate.

The wild winds of heaven sang requiem, the cold snow
enshrouded her form,

That day I found my poor Jennie, lost in the fierce
driving storm.

Gently, with heart that was breaking, I carved in the
snow a soft nest,

And laid with a prayer that was wordless, my poor
stricken bairn to rest.

Away in the great city yonder, he lives, the arch-
fiend of hell-hounds,
With a wife excelling in beauty, in a mansion with
finely-kept grounds,
Rich with the gold of the Yukon, he 'swells' in the
upper class;
I saw him one day in his carriage, and thought of my
poor little lass,
And a mound far away in the Northland, a cross in
the pitiless wild,
And her whose young life was so blighted—my Jennie,
my heart's darling child.

MY LITTLE LAD, GOD BLESS HIM!

THERE'S a little lad, God bless him!
And he's all the world to me;
Guide him, Lord, through life's long journey,
Guard him, keep him safe to Thee.

Refrain:

You're my only little laddie,
Golden hair, and eyes of blue,
God, who made the birds and flowers,
Chose the best when He made you.

Streams may ripple, birds may carol,
Twinkling stars may dance and shine,
But life's sweetest joy and rapture
Is to know that you are mine.

Refrain:

You're my only little laddie, etc.

Parted, though, by time and distance,
Hearts can never sundered be;
Love Divine, oh, still unite us,
Strong to each, and strong to Thee.

Refrain:

You're my only little laddie,
Golden hair, and eyes of blue;
God, who made the birds and flowers,
Chose the best when He made you.

TO BLISS CARMAN

Upon his visit to St. John, May, 1923.

YOU who have wandered in the ways of men,
In grassy mead, in shimmering forest glen,
Beyond our reach, beyond our utmost ken—
Minstrel of minstrels, welcome home again!

Home to the Port of Heroes by the sea,
Home to the land that fondly cradled thee,
Where hearts beat true, and kindling eyes can see
Thy greater glory that is yet to be.

Master of lyrics, runes, and stirring lays,
Charmers of nights and long laborious days,
Lilting alike of great and common ways,
Accept our humble, yet our heartfelt praise.

Fashioned wert thou upon a noble plan,
Well-timbered, strong and true for life's brief span;
Gifts were bestowed—gifts worthy of the man,
The chiefest falling from the great god Pan.

Sing, Valiant Heart, thy course is not yet run,
Pour forth thy lays until the day be done,
And when night comes, when sinks life's westerling
sun,
Thy tuneful strains will echo on and on.

THE COMING OF THE LOYALISTS

1783

WITH battle-tide against you,
With all the guns asleep,
You left your homes and country,
And launched out on the deep;
You set your faces Eastward,
Your hearts knew no dismay,
As strong in hope and courage
You swept up Fundy's Bay.

O loyal-hearted exiles!
Souls true to God and King!
Your deeds will live and blossom,
As flowers bloom in Spring;
You fought the fight of Honor,
You staggered 'neath the blow,
Yet homeless, ruined, broken,
You bowed not to the foe.

The rugged wilds received you,
The great broad wilds that glow,
Their fertile lands relieved you,
Where lordly rivers flow;
And there you raised the Banner,
And there it floats unfurled,
A witness to your loyalty,
A challenge to the world.

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WHAT BUST?

OLD Farmer Brown of Sapling Creek,
Last week rode into town,
His special business there to buy
His wife a brand new gown.

He tramped the streets for half a day,
At times his blood ran cold,
At length he plunged into a place
Where women's clothes were sold.

A woman eyed old Farmer Brown,
She scanned his clothes and dust,
And when he stammered out his need,
She sharply said: "What bust?"

Old Farmer Brown looked quick around,
His eyes quite anxious grew,
Then turning to the woman drawled,
"I heered no sound; did you?"

THE GUIDING STAR

"I am the bright and Morning Star."

LEAD me, O Thou Star of Heaven,
Guide me through the world's dark night,
Lead me to the restful haven,
Bring me to the morning light;
Star of Heaven, bright, serene,
Lead me with Thy golden sheen!

Watch me, O Thou Star of Heaven,
Ever be my strength and stay,
Guard me in life's stern temptation,
Lest I leave the Narrow Way;
Star of Heaven, bright and fair,
Keep me ever in Thy care!

Brighten, O Thou Star of Heaven,
Death's dark valley deep and wide,
Lighten up the way before me,
Till I reach the other side;
Star of Heaven, lead me on
When the light of earth is gone!

THE NEED OF A HAND

A CHILD at night, alone within the room,
When creatures surged around me in the
gloom,
A frightful band,
A loving form stood close beside my bed,
And then a tender hand soothed my hot head—
My mother's hand!

The future lay before me clear and bright,
I stepped into the world, my heart was light
With visions grand;
But when I faltered midst life's cares and stress,
A strong hand grasped my own to cheer and bless—
My father's hand!

That day when failure stared me in the face,
And all my plans were tossed from out their place,
Like shifting sand,
A calm sweet voice forbade me to repine,
And then a small and loving hand held mine—
My dear wife's hand.

Then came the cruel time in which I lost
My joy and light—my darling wife—who crossed
The Border Land,
And as I stood so weary sad and lone,
A small hand gently stole within my own—
My sweet child's hand!

My course is almost run, the journey o'er,
And old and lonely now upon the shore
 I trembling stand;
Old friends are gone, and dim my failing sight;
O Christ, I need a strong firm hand to-night--
 I need Thy Hand!

THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH

(BISHOP BOMPAS)

WE saw him come—there was no loud acclaim,
He stood among the crowd so frail and spare ;
His humble garb marked his still humbler
mien,

While gently waved his scanty silvery hair.
He stood alone, as stands some ancient pine
Amidst a stirring land and busy mart,
And strove to grasp the new and unknown ways,
Which were so strange to his intrepid heart.

But as I gazed upon that trembling form,
And marked the lisping words which slowly fell,
A vision rose before me grand and clear,
Which thrilled my soul like some sweet vesper bell.
I saw a lonely region cold and drear ;
I saw the sad wild natives of the North
Pass slow before me, Christless, base, forlorn.
And as I thus beheld, there passed straight forth
A lonely man—ay, more than common man—

'Twas one of God's great heroes, brave and strong,
Who gave up home and friends and comforts all,
And for Christ's sake went forth to conquer wrong.
In lonely wilds, in wigwams foul and drear,
Midst sickness, famine, plague and sore distress,

He pressed straight on, true soldier of the Cross,
His only aim to comfort and to bless.

And so he stands, as stood his Master, Christ;
Brave leader he, no matter what the cost;
True teacher he, whose every word was love,
Good shepherd of God's children strayed and lost.
And this we know: When broken lies the bowl,
The after-glow of his devoted life
Will lead men on to do and dare for Christ,
And win for Him through darkness, pain, and strife.

Whitehorse, Yukon,
July 1, 1904.

THE MINERS' FRIEND

("FATHER PAT")

YES, he is gone, the slow bells sadly toll,
The world is poorer now since he's away,
Earth seldom saw a nobler, purer soul,
A jewel rare enshrined in humble clay.
The great world knew him not, nor yet for him
Were banquets spread, no plaudits rang aloud,
Yet when he died, eyes rare to tears were dim,
And heads that seldom bend were lowly bowed.

Of him it can be said "Known and unknown,"
The cruel trails knew well his weary tread,
The mighty forest knew his figure lone,
The snow at night made him a soft white bed.
The lonely miners knew his kindly face,
The worn and weary felt his word of cheer,
The fevered brows knew well his touch of grace,
And fainting souls grew strong when he was near.

Say not that he is dead—love cannot die,
And all his life was full of love divine;
Say not that he has failed—his record high
Will as a beacon-light forever shine.
And on that Day earth yields to Heaven the palm,
When all life's colors in his white soul blend,
The sweetest sound, surpassing hymn or psalm,
Will be the strain "He was the miners' friend."

DARLING LADDIE MINE

I HAVE read in legends hoary
Of the drinks of gods divine,
I have heard the oft-told story
Of the joy, the bliss, and glory
Of the gleaming foaming wine.
But what nectars rich and rare,
For a moment can compare
With your loving lips and fair—
Darling, Laddie mine?

I have watched in peaceful bowers,
Fairy tendrils cling and twine;
I have seen the fragrant flowers,
Jewelled with the summer showers,
Sparkling on their tender vine.
But such glories manifold,
Are forgotten to be told,
When your dear form I behold—
Darling, Laddie mine!

I have gazed on heaven's splendor,
Watched the bright stars swing and shine;
I have seen the colors tender,
Traced the fairy lines and slender
In the gems of earth and brine.
But the gems of seas and skies,
Lose their lustre in surprise,

By your love-lit beaming eyes—
Darling, Laddie mine!

I have heard the clear brooks ringing
Through bright fields and scented pine;
I have watched the sweet birds swinging,
Listened to their joyous singing
In a melody divine.
But the joys of bird and rill,
Are as nothing to the thrill
Which your lisping words instil—
Darling, Laddie, mine!

All of earth's sublimest treasures,
All the gems of field and mine,
All the grandest rhythmic measures
Cheerfully do I resign,
When within your heart divine,
Like some pure and holy shrine,
Glow the loving "I am thine"—
Darling, Laddie, mine!

MUSH ON

A very common Yukon expression in dog driving, and the motto of the Arctic Brotherhood. It means "Go on."

WE have trod the trails together,
Comrades, you and I,
We have packed through regions eerie,
Till the joints were stiff and weary,
Where the trails run out in silence
'Neath the great lone Northern sky;
But the pack grew somehow light,
And the day more fair and bright,
As we lifted up the chorus
Of the brave "Mush on!"

We have felt the blasts of winter,
Comrades, you and I,
We have cinched our parkas round us,
Where the cruel tempest found us,
When the white land groaned in anguish,
And the wind went screaming by;
But our hearts grew stout and warm,
And we fiercely pressed the storm,
As we lifted up the chorus
Of the clear "Mush on!"

We have known the sting of Fortune,
Comrades, you and I,

We have grasped and we have squandered,
We have revelled, we have wandered
In a land all God-forsaken,
Where the weak are flung to die,
But we bravely faced the worst,
When we felt ourselves accurst,
And we raised the ringing chorus
Of the glad "Mush on!"

We have fared and we have suffered,
Comrades, you and I,
But we'll reach at length that river,
Where the tide flows on forever,
Where the Great trail Guide stands ready
To receive our faintest cry.
When at last we're struggling o'er,
May we hear from yonder shore,
Voices wafted o'er the water,
Bidding us "Mush on!"

PIONEERS

WE shouldered heavy burdens when we staked
our upland claim,

We didn't know the monsters we'd have to
meet and tame,

The forest closed around us where we built our rough
rude shack,

And I toted all provisions many miles upon my back.

Where you see those smiling meadows, and the corn
tossed by the breeze,

Once stood a tangled forest of roots, and stumps and
trees ;

For it's written clear and simple, and the law of God
still stands,

That all who want fair meadows must first clear up
their lands.

We toiled along together, my brave young wife and I,
And wrestled in our loneliness with not a neighbor
nigh ;

We faced stern winter creeping down, we felt its icy
breath,

And knew full well its biting sting was as the sting
of death.

The wildcat's fierce and piercing scream, or lone wolf's
howl by night,
Aroused us startled from our sleep with cold and
sudden fright.
We chinked with moss our cabin tight to check the
sifting snow,
And watched with weary anxious eyes our food-supply
run low.

We knew the pangs of hunger, and learned of numbing
fear,
But they knit our hearts together, and we saw it plain
and clear
That as sure as running water, and cold as winter
hail,
The pioneers must suffer when they blaze the outer
trail.

We crumpled back the crowding trees, we hewed with
might and main,
And when we'd burnt and cleared the ground, we
sowed our scanty grain.
There was one spot we did not clear, we called it
"sacred ground,"

You see it where those great trees wave above that
little mound.
He was our firstborn bonnie lad, with hair of burn-
ished gold—

We laid him there at eventide, with aching hearts and
cold ;
For it's true as death and hunger, and sure as speed-
ing years,
That the soil of early settlers is watered by their tears.

PROVIDENCE

DO I believe in Providence?
I surely do most plain,
Fer I've believed in Providence
Since last Spring's heavy rain.
If you had asked that question
A year or so ago,
I'd answered quick as thunder
That I really didn't know.

But we believe in Providence,
My good wife, Liz, an' I,
An' we'll believe it truly
Until the day we die.
Our eyes are now wide open
An' we clearly understand
That all things—even chickens—
Are guarded by God's hand.

That was a mighty river-flood,
You know it very well,
When all the land fer miles around
Was turned into a hell.
The water sluiced an' twisted,
The ice it rushed an' rammed,
Fer jist above Long Island
The whole darn mess got jammed.

An' there upon them flat lowlands,
The water stood man deep,
While houses, barns an' fences all
Were piled in many a heap.
Our dwellin'-house was higher up,
Built on a little knoll,
But our old barn down yonder
Cracked like a china bowl.

An' all our herd of animals
Came crowdin' round the door,
While some got even in the house
Upon the lower floor.
The horses, cows, an' chickens,
All mingled with Sport's bark,
An' when the pigs got squealin'
'Twas jist like Noah's Ark.

We'd not a thing fer them to eat,
An' through that livelong day
The cows an' horses didn't have
A blessed scrap of hay.
We'd really nothin' handy
To feed our starvin' crew,
An' Liz an' I were desperate,
Not knowin' what to do.

An' through that black an' fearful night,
We two remained upstairs,

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An' while I kept the critters down,
Liz spent her time with prayers.
We waited long fer mornin',
An' when the night was past,
The waters still were swirlin',
An' the rain was fallin' fast.

It was a real tarnation-fix,
With not a sign of help,
Fer none could hear across that flood
My loudest wildest yelp.
An' slowly passed the mornin',
An' louder grew the cries
Of them poor critters down below
Before our very eyes.

At noon my wife spied something strange,
Afloatin' down the stream,
An' when I looked I rubbed my eyes,
Quite sure it was a dream.
But, no, I wasn't dreamin',
But my! we stood so still,
An' stared in perfect wonder
At Zeb Brown's old grist-mill.

It jist came floatin' toward our house,
As if steered by some hand,
An' grounded hard beside our door,
Upon this ridge of land.

I stepped aboard in wonder,
An' when I went upstairs,
I saw before my very eyes
The answer to Liz' prayers.

Fer there were bags an' bags of grain,
Of buckwheat, oats an' meal,
Enough to stuff the herd fer days,
An' stop each pig's wild squeal.
How did it come when needed?
'Twas simply Providence,
An' anyone kin see that plain
Who has an ounce of sense.

COMRADES ALL

COME, sing once more to-night, my lads,
Come, sing some old refrain,
Of love, of home and childhood days,
And live them o'er again.

We've drifted far away, ye ken,
From home and kith and kin,
Fling open wide your hearts to-night,
And let the old time in.

Put strife aside and banish care,
And sink them out of sight,
O, comrades, of the weary trail,
Be brothers for to-night!

And then let fall whate'er betide,
The trail be steep and long,
We'll quicker step and keener fight,
Cheered by some old sweet song.

We've drifted far away, ye ken,
From home and kith and kin,
Fling open wide your hearts to-night,
And let the old time in.

THE UNKNOWN PINE LOG RIDER

WITH the South Branch roaring full to the
brim,

They harried the logs like blood-hounds grim,
Those sackers swart of Glazier's crew
Were out to bring that big drive through,
But Joe Muldoon was caught below,
And tangled fast near Split Rock's flow.

At the ugly snarl of that lip of death
Those husky drivers held their breath,
And all felt sure that none could save
Joe Muldoon from that swirling grave,
When from the opposite bank there sprang
A stranger to the Glazier gang.

With a careless grace and a dauntless flair
He spurred to the water's trumpet blare,
His charger, a reeling log of pine,
His course, that stream of spume and brine,
His ringing spurs, sharp spikes of steel
On leathern sole and rough-shod heel.

With a nimble poise from his balanced pole,
He steadied the log's wild surging roll,
And held command with a master will,
By practised art and subtle skill,
While down that foaming stream he sped
Straight to the helpless wretch ahead.

With a crouching swoop and a vise-like grip
He swung Muldoon to his bony hip,
And held him there while the log he trod
With strength and calmness of a god,
Nor heeded he behind his back
The rushing roaring timber pack.

Through the flying foam of that flume of hell
He clung to his reeling charger well,
And spurned the hissing ghouls beneath,
And smote them in their milk-white teeth,
Then swirling onward straight and true,
The saviour of Muldoon sluiced through.

With a mighty sweep of his strong right hand
He hurtled Muldoon upon the land,
Then surging on was lost to view
From all the gaping Glazier crew.
He rode with Death—he won the game—
Then disappeared and left no name.

THE FOREST SPIRIT-DRUMMER

O, DRUMMER of the forest fair,
I hear your call to-night,
And through the twanging frosty air,
Hushed from the Norther's trumpet blare,
I see you gleaming bright,
And know your voice is calling me
Up from the lone marge of the sea.

O, drummer of the mystic maze,
I heed your call to-night,
And o'er wide leagues of bolted snow,
Where furtive-footed phantoms go,
I speed swift, sure, and light,
And blend your glowing heart with mine
Beneath the friendly spruce and pine.

O, drummer of the cloistered ways,
I walk with you to-night
Adown long balsam-scented aisles,
Where sift the moon's soft dreamy smiles
On tapestries of white,
And feel my inmost spirit stir,
Like some low-bending worshipper.

O, drummer of the open trails,
I watch with you to-night,
And feel the throbbing of the trees,
Touched by some fitful vagrant breeze,

Slow-stirring in their might,
And see their crests uplifted high,
Like spear points thrust against the sky.

O, drummer of the crooning ways,
I rest with you to-night,
And on soft soothing scented boughs,
My weary senses droop and drowse,
Lapped in a calm delight,
And all the world of stress and strain
Is lulled in body, heart, and brain.

OLD SHIP RIGGERS

YES, we did a heap o' riggin'
In those rampin' boomin' days,
When the wooden ships were buildin'
On their quaint old greasy ways;
Crafts of every sort an' fashion,
Big an' little, lithe an' tall,
Had their birthplace by the harbor,
An' we rigged 'em one an' all.

Jacob's ladder wasn't in it
With the riggin' on those ships
From the trunnels an' the keelson
To the pointed royal tips;
That old ladder was for angels
Comin' down from up aloft,
With their wings an' gleamin' garments,
An' their hands all white an' soft.

Our riggin' was for sailors,
Tough an' hardy Bluenose dogs,
With their hands as hard as leather,
An' their boots thick heavy clogs.
They were nuthin' much like angels,
But they'd learned their business right,
An' they trusted to our riggin'
When the sea was roarin' white.

Seemed like fittin' out a maiden
For her happy weddin' day,
When we rigged a noble vessel,
Where she calm at anchor lay;
All her gear was new an' shiny,
Every ribbon taut an' trim,
An' she stood, when she was finished,
Tall an' handsome, straight an' slim.

When at last she slipped her moorin's,
An' slow-footed down the stream,
With her riggin' all aglowin',
An' her canvas all agleam,
How we cheered her to the echo,
An' our hearts thrilled high with pride,
As the ocean strode to meet her
For his own sea-royal bride.

Some came back just as they left us,
Trim an' spotless, buoyant, free;
Others crept up into harbor,
Scarred an' broken out at sea;
These we nursed like tender mothers,
Mendin' canvas, rope an' spar,
Till we had 'em all ashinin'
Like some twinklin' mornin' star.

But our riggin' days are over,
An' the past seems like a dream,
As we view the mighty changes

Brought about by wizard steam.
We are needed here no longer,
For there's nuthin' we can do—
Maybe there'll be work for riggers
In the Port beyond the blue.

THE "IRON-CLAD" MISSIONARY

WELL was he named the "Iron-clad,"
For well he bore the fray,
And held the Master's Standard high
Through life's long throbbing day;
No feeble carpet-knight was he,
No friend of sham or gloss,
His iron will, his iron aim,
Was iron of the cross.

Through good report and ill report,
Unknown and yet well known,
'Mid burning heat and biting frost
He battled for his own.
Oft did the snowy breakers curl,
And oft the hail-shots flew,
Yet with his face stern set as flint,
The Iron-clad surged through.

The years of ceaseless stress and strife,
Of travail, fast and prayer,
The wrestlings long, the watchings oft
Have left their imprints there.
When others wavered in their Faith,
For fancy, gain, or fad,
He stood four-square to all the world,
The staunch old Iron-clad.

The golden glow of eventide,
The calm of hills above,
The prophet's honor, friendship's bond,
The nectar of pure love ;
The rapture of a work well done,
The child's heart sweet and glad,
Be thine to crown thy choicest years,
Thou bluff old Iron-clad.

COMMANDING THE MORNING

Job 38: 12.

HAST thou commanded the morning, O youth?
Its freshness, its brightness, its glee?
The glory of sun, the pearl of the dew,
The rhythm of bird and of bee?
Hast thou captured the wealth of the morning?
Hast thou taken its gems as thy fee?

Hast thou commanded the morning, O youth?
Its newness, its wonders, its thrill?
The tang of the air, the whip of the wind,
The secrets of valley and hill?
Hast thou summoned them quick to thy bidding?
Hast thou marshalled them strong to thy will?

Hast thou commanded the morning, O youth?
Its longings, its visions, its dreams?
The surge of the soul, the throb of the heart,
The glamor of undying themes?
Hast thou revelled in visions of fancy?
Hast thou cherished their fair tender gleams?

Hast thou commanded the morning, O youth?
Its struggles, its labors, its throes?
The clutch of the hand, the grip of the will,
The menace of threatening blows?
Hast thou wrestled and turned to thy vantage
All the strength of thy mightiest foes?

If thou commandest the morning, O youth,
Its fulness of treasures divine,
The prime of thy life, the zest of thy soul,
The mettle of true courage fine,
Then the joy of thy life's bright morning
At the close of the day will be thine.

VINE-CLAD BIDE-A-WEE

COME, turn aside, you weary one,
And rest awhile with me,
Beneath the tall trees' leafy shade,
In vine-clad Bide-a-wee.

The road is dusty, hot, and long,
But here the breeze blows free,
So stay and quaff a cooling glass
In vine-clad Bide-a-wee.

Then go your way, you rested one,
With this the only fee—
That you will sometimes turn in thought
To vine-clad Bide-a-wee.

"Bide-a-wee,"—the author's summer home at Oak Point on the St. John River.

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